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LUIS DE CAMOENS

Published by James Carpenter & Son May 1824.

POEMS,

FROM THE PORTUGUESE

OF

LUIS DE CAMOENS.

WITH REMARKS ON

HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

NOTES, ETC. ETC.

BY

LORD VISCOUNT STRANGFORD.

——Accipies meros amores.——

CATULL.

A New Edition.

LONDON:

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REMARKS

ON

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

CAMOENS.

It has been frequently observed, that the memoirs of literary men are, in general, so devoid of extraordinary incident, that the relation of them is calculated more to instruct than to amuse. The Life of Camoens forms an exception to this remark. Its vicissitudes were so many and so various, as almost to encourage a belief, that in describing them, the deficiencies of fact were sometimes supplied by the pencil of romance.

The late ingenious Translator of the *Lusiad* has portrayed the character, and narrated the misfortunes of our poet, in a manner more honourable to his feelings as a man, than to his accuracy in point of biographical detail. It is with diffidence that the present writer essays to correct his errors; but as the real circumstances of the life of CAMOENS are mostly to be found in his own minor compositions, with which Mr. Mickle was unacquainted, he trusts that certain information will atone for his presumption.

The family of CAMOENS was illustrious, and originally Spanish. They were long settled at *Cadmon*[1], a castle in Galicia, from which they probably derived their patronymic appellation. However, there are some who maintain that their name alluded to a certain wonderful bird[2], whose mischievous sagacity

[1] *Faria y Sousa*, V. del. P. § iii.

[2] The *Camaõ*. Our poet himself gives a somewhat different account of the matter. (*Quintil. a huma dama*, v. 190.) Formerly, every well regulated family in Spain

discovered and punished the smallest deviation from conjugal fidelity. A lady of the house of Cadmon, whose conduct had been rather indiscreet, demanded to be tried by this extraordinary judge. Her innocence was proved, and in gratitude to the being who had restored him to matrimonial felicity, the contented husband adopted his name.

In the fourteenth century, a dispute having arisen between the families of Cadmon and De Castera[3], a knight of the former had the misfortune to kill a cavalier belonging to the

retained one of these terrible attendants. The infidelity of its mistress was the only circumstance which could deprive it of life. Should her guilt have been extended to any degree beyond a wish, the faithful bird immediately betrayed it, by expiring at the feet of its injured lord. It soon was difficult to find a *Camaō* that had lived in the same family during three generations; and at length the species became entirely extinct!

This odious distrust of female honour is ever characteristic of a barbarous age. The *Camaō* of Spain, and the *Múmbo* of Africa, are expedients indicative of equal refinement.

[3] *Salgado de Araujo.*—Casas de Galicia, p. 304.

latter. A long train of persecution ensued, to escape from which, Ruy de Camoens embraced the cause of King Ferdinand[4], and removed with his family into Portugal, under the protection of that monarch, about the year 1370. His son, Vasco de Camoens, was highly distinguished by royal favour[5], but had the superior honour of being the ancestor of our immortal poet, who descended from him in the fourth generation.

LUIS DE CAMOENS was born at Lisbon, about the year 1524[6]. His misfortunes began with his birth, for he never saw the smile of a father; Simon Vaz de Camoens having perished by shipwreck in the very year which gave being to his son. Such, at least, is the received opinion, although there be many rea-

[4] *Garcez Ferreyra.*—Vid. do Poet. Edit. Gendron. § iii.

[5] King Ferdinand invested him with the lordships of Portalegre, Alam-quer, &c. *Faria.*

[6] The place of his nativity is ascertained, by his frequent application of the epithet "*paternal*" to the Tagus; the time of it is involved in some obscurity, but an entry in the

sons for calling it into question[7]. Notwithstanding the diminution of wealth, which the family sustained in consequence of this event, the youthful CAMOENS was sent to the university of Coimbra[8], and maintained there by the provident care of his surviving parent.

The ideas associated with the place of our education are generally lasting. It is the peculiarity of poetical minds to recall them with delight, and CAMOENS frequently mentions Coimbra, where he was fostered on the "lap of science," with all the tender gratitude of an affectionate son. During the period which he passed at the university, he was an utter stranger to that passion, with which he afterwards became so intimately acquainted. It is even recorded, that while the manly graces

register of the Portuguese India House appears to determine it. He is there stated to have been twenty-five years old in 1550. *Faria.* Vid. do Poet.

[7] The same register mentions him as one of his son's sureties, and, consequently, living in 1550.

[8] *Faria y Sousa—Severim—Ferreyra.*

of his person inspired many of the better sex with admiration, he treated his fair captives with disdain, or, at most, as the mere objects of temporary transport[9].

But the scene was soon to be changed, and on his arrival at Lisbon, he was destined to feel the full vengeance of that god whose power he had contemned. Love is very nearly allied to devotion, and it was in the exercise of the latter that CAMOENS was introduced to the knowledge of the former. In the Church of "Christ's Wounds," at Lisbon, on the 11th of April, 1542[10], he first beheld Dona Caterina de Ataide, the object of his purest and earliest attachment. The churches of Spain and Portugal, says Scarron, are the very cradles of intrigue[11], and it was not long before CAMOENS enjoyed an opportunity of declar-

[9] Camoens, Canç. II. stanz. vi. Canç. VII. stanz. ii. Son. VII. *Sousa* in loc.

[10] For the reasons which have induced the translator to assign this date, see the note on *Sonnet* I.

[11] Roman Comique; P. I. ch. ix.

ing his affection, with all the romantic ardour of eighteen, and of a poet.

But, in those days, love was a state of no trifling probation, and ladies then unconscionably expected a period of almost chivalrous servitude, which, happily for gentlemen, is no longer required. The punctilious severity of his mistress formed the subject of our poet's most tender complaints; for, though her heart had secretly decided in his favour, still Portuguese delicacy suppressed all avowal of her passion. After many months of adoration, when he humbly besought a ringlet of her hair, she was so far softened by his entreaties, as to make a compromise with prudery, and bestow one of the silken fillets which encircled her head[12]. These anecdotes must not be despised, for they mark the temper of the times.

The peculiar situation of Dona Caterina (that of one of the queen's ladies) imposed a

[12] Camoens, Son. XLII. and *Sousa* in loc.

uniform restraint on her lover, which soon became intolerable. Like another Ovid, he violated the sanctity of the royal precincts, and was in consequence banished from the court[13]. With the precise nature of his offence we are unacquainted, but it too probably arose from a breach of discretion, the first and noblest amongst the laws of gallantry[14]. Whatsoever it might have been, it furnished a happy pretext to the lady's relations for terminating an intercourse which worldly considerations rendered, on her part, of the highest imprudence. But LOVE prepared consolation for his votary, where least he expected it. On the morning of his departure, his mistress relented from her wonted severity, and confessed the secret of her long concealed affection[15]. The sighs of grief were soon lost in those of mutual delight, and the hour of parting was, perhaps, the sweetest of our poet's existence. Thus

[13] Camoens, Eleg. III. and *Sousa* in loc.

[14] *Faria y Sousa.* Comment. in Eclog. pag. 240.

[15] Sonnet XXIV. and Comment. in loc.

comforted, he removed to Santarem (the scene of his banishment), but speedily returned to Lisbon, again tasted of transport, was a second time detected, and a second time driven into exile[16]. To such a spirit as CAMOENS, the inactivity of this situation must have proved insupportable; the voice of LOVE whispered a secret reproach, and inspired him with the glorious resolution of conquering the obstacles which fortune had placed between him and felicity. He accordingly sought and obtained permission to accompany King John III[17]. in an expedition then concerted against the Moors in Africa. Here, whilst bravely fighting under the commands of a near relation[18], he was deprived of his right eye, by some splinters from the deck of the vessel in which he was stationed.

[16] *Faria y Sousa,* V. del. P. § xiv.

[17] Of this monarch Camoens gives a fine character in one comprehensive line:

"*Foy rey, fez tudo quanto a rey se deve.*"

Son. LIX.

"He was a king—in every act a king."

[18] *Sousa* says, under those of his father. Vida. § xiv.

Many of his most pathetic compositions were written during this campaign, and the toils of a martial life were sweetened by the recollection of her for whom they were endured.

His heroic conduct in many engagements at length purchased his recall to court. He hastened home, fraught with the most tender anticipations, and found—what must have been his feelings? that his mistress was no more [19]!

There can scarcely be conceived a more interesting theme for the visions of romance, than the death of this young and amiable being. The circumstances of her fate are peculiarly favourable to the exercise of conjecture. She loved, she was beloved, yet unfortunate in her attachment, she was torn from the world at the early age of twenty [20]; and we cannot but adorn her grave with some of the wildest flowers which fancy produces. But her lot was enviable, compared to that of her lover.

[19] Comment. in Sonn. XIX. et alibi. [20] Ibid.

The measure of his sorrows was yet imperfect. He had still to encounter the cruel neglect of that nation whose glory his valour had contributed to maintain. The claims of mere merit are too often disregarded, but those which are founded on the gratitude of courts are hopeless indeed! Long years were passed by CAMOENS in unsuccessful application for the reward which his services demanded[1], and in suing for his rights at the feet of men whom he could not but despise. This was a degradation which his high spirit knew not how to endure, and he accordingly bade adieu to Portugal, to seek, under the burning suns of India, that independence which his own country denied[22].

[21] *Joseph de Aquino*, Vid. do Poet, p. 132. edit. 1782.

[22] "*As derradeiras palavras que na nao disse foraõ as de Scipiaõ Africano*, INGRATA PATRIA, NON POSSIDEBIS OSSA MEA!"—"The last words which I uttered on board of the vessel were those of Scipio—'*Ungrateful country! thou shalt not even possess my bones.*'" Such are the expressions of Camoens, in a letter written from India, to a friend at Lisbon. The whole of this composition is interesting and pathetic in the extreme.

There are some who attribute this event to a very different cause, and assert that CAMOENS quitted Lisbon in consequence of a discovered intrigue with the beautiful wife of a Portuguese gentleman[23]. Perhaps this story may not be wholly unfounded. It is improbable that he remained long constant to the memory of a departed mistress, when living beauty was ready to supply her place. His was not a heart that could safely defy temptation, although the barbarous ingenuity of some commentators[24] would make us believe, that all his amours were purely platonic, and that he was ignorant of the passion in every other respect. Happily for himself the case was different, and his works record that he more than once indulged in the little wanderings of amatory frolic[25].

[23] *Mickle.—Life of Camoens.* Unfortunately, Mr. M. does not cite any authority for this supposition.

[24] *Faria,* in Son. X. et al.

[25] Those who are desirous of further information on this subject may obtain a very curious anecdote by consulting *Sousa.* Vid. del. P. § xxxii.

On his arrival in India, we find that CAMOENS contributed, in no small measure, to the success of an expedition against the Pimenta Isles, carried on by the King of Cochin and his allies the Portuguese. His own recital of this affair exhibits all the charming modesty of merit[26]. In the following year (1555) Manuel de Vasconcelos conducted an armament to the Red Sea[27]. Our poet accompanied him, and with the intrepid curiosity of genius, explored the wild regions of Africa by which Mount Felix is surrounded. Here his mind was stored with sketches of scenery, which afterwards formed some of the most finished pictures in his *Lusiad*, and in other compositions[28], to the former of which, on returning to Goa, he devoted his whole attention.

India, at that time, presented a scene of political depravity, which no subsequent period has exceeded. Practices were tolerated,

[26] Eleg. I.

[27] Life, by *Ferreyra*, § xiv.

[28] In particular, the IX. Cançam.

which eventually wrought the downfall of the government by whom they were authorized; hordes of hungry adventurers rioted on the spoils of the friendless natives, and the demons of rapacity and avarice were every where exalted into gods. The spirit of CAMOENS rose in revolt against the enormities by which he was surrounded. An opportunity of declaring his disgust at length occurred. The arrival of a new governor at Goa was celebrated by the exhibition of a kind of tournament, in which reeds were employed in place of lances, thence called "*The Sport of the Canes.*" CAMOENS published a satirical account of this affair, in which he described the chief men of Goa, as adorned with allegorical devices, &c. allusive to the character and conduct of each[29]. In consequence of this, he was banished to China by order of Barreto, the governor, against whom the bard's attack had been principally directed.

[29] He likewise wrote some verses entitled "*Disparates na India,*" which severely animadverted on the maladministration of the new governor.

This proceeding of CAMOENS has not escaped reprehension. He has been accused of ingratitude; but how could he be ungrateful who never had a friend? His rashness in provoking the anger of the great has likewise been censured by the cold blooded moderation of worldly men; men to whom truth itself seems a libel, if it offend the dignity of a grandee[30]. Yet, though it be a mournful fact that prudence and genius but rarely accord, is the sacrifice of the former to be regretted, when it makes way for the punishment of vice, by the bold utterance of honest indignation? On this principle, the conduct of our author appears almost free from blame, and, perhaps, he was only culpable in suffering resentment to give too high a colouring to the sketches of truth.

The adventures of CAMOENS in China, the temporary prosperity which he there experienced, and the numerous sorrows and persecutions which he afterwards encountered, have been fully and elegantly detailed by the

[30] Amongst others, Mons. *Du Perron de Castera*, the French translator of the Lusiad.

late ingenious translator of the Lusiad. To his narration the present writer begs to refer, lest he should extend these remarks beyond their proper bounds.

After an absence of sixteen years CAMOENS was compelled to return to Portugal, poor and friendless as when he departed. His immortal Lusiad was now ready for publication, which, however, was delayed, in consequence of the violence with which the plague then raged throughout Lisbon. At length, in the summer of 1572, it was printed[31], and received with all the honour due to such a glorious achievement of genius. It is even asserted that King Sebastian, to whom it was inscribed, rewarded the author with a pension of 375 *reis*[32]. But,

[31] *Faria y Sousa*, Vid. § xxvii.

[32] When Sebastian undertook the Moorish expedition, assured of victory, he brought a poet with him to Africa, to witness his exploits, and to celebrate them in song. The person selected for this office was Diego Bernardes, a man of poor and despicable abilities. Had CAMOENS been really a *protégé* of the monarch, it is much more probable that he would have attended him, whose

"Sword and pen were rivals in renown."

admitting the truth of this very doubtful story, our poet could not have remained long in possession of the royal bounty. Sebastian was speedily hurled from a tottering throne[33], and liberality was a stranger to the soul of his successor. To his eyes the cowl of monkhood seemed a more graceful ornament than the noblest laurels of the muse[34]. Such was the spirit which patronized de Sá[35], and suffered the author of the Lusiad to starve!

The latter years of CAMOENS present a mournful picture not merely of individual calamity, but of national ingratitude. He whose best years had been devoted to the service of

[33] *Faria*, ut supra.

[34] In the preface to the edition of Camoens, printed in 1782, vol. i. p. 59, there is an attempt to vindicate the character of Cardinal Henry from the strictures of Mr. Mickle. But the voice of history cannot be silenced, and history is loud in his condemnation.

[35] *Sousa*. Vid. § xxvii. Francisco de Sá was an author much in favour with cardinal Henry. His Muse was of a theological turn. He wrote orthodox sonnets to St. John, and pious little epigrams on Adam and Eve, &c.

his country, he who had taught her literary fame to rival the proudest efforts of Italy itself, and who seemed born to revive the remembrance of ancient gentility and Lusian heroism, was compelled in age to wander through the streets, a wretched dependant on casual contribution. One friend alone remained to smooth his downward path, and guide his steps to the grave, with gentleness and consolation. It was Antonio, his slave, a native of Java, who had accompanied CAMOENS to Europe, after having rescued him from the waves, when shipwrecked at the mouth of the Mecon. This faithful attendant was wont to seek alms throughout Lisbon, and at night shared the produce of the day with his poor and broken hearted master[36]. Blessed, for ever blessed, be the memory of this amiable Indian! But his friendship was employed in vain: CAMOENS sank beneath the pressure of penury and disease, and died in an almshouse[37] early in the

[36] *Faria y Sousa.* § xxix.

[37] The place of his death is differently mentioned by *Manoel de Faria.* According to that commentator, he died in

year 1579. He was buried in the church of Saint Anne of the Franciscans. Over his grave, Gonçalo Coutinho placed the following inscription[38], which, for comprehensive simplicity, the translator ventures to prefer to almost every production of a similar kind:

HERE LIES LUIS DE CAMOENS:
HE EXCELLED ALL THE POETS OF HIS TIME.
HE LIVED POOR AND MISERABLE;
AND HE DIED SO.
MDLXXIX.

It has been justly observed[39], that the fate of CAMOENS, considered in a political view, bears an intimate connexion with that of his country. The same degradation of national

his own miserable hovel, close to the church in which he was interred.

[38] *Sousa.* Vid. §. Some years afterwards, Don Gonçalves Camera caused a long and pompous epitaph to be engraved on the same tomb. But this posthumous panegyric only added deeper disgrace to the facts recorded in the former description.

[39] *Mickle.* Life of Camoens.

sentiment, which suffered such a man to become a beggar and an outcast, not long afterwards plunged Portugal into the lowest disgrace, and reduced her to the abject state of a conquered province. So true it is, that the decline of public spirit in matters of taste is a certain indication of political decay[40].

The character of CAMOENS may be inferred from his writings. An open and undisguised contempt of every thing base and sordid, whatever were the rank or power of its possessor, formed one of its principal features. We have already seen how much the worldly interest of our poet was injured by this honourable audacity of soul. Those who condemn it must be ignorant that the exercise of this feeling

[40] Of this opinion was Camoens himself. In a letter to Don Francisco de Almeyda, written a few days before his death, he has these prophetic expressions; "*Veran todos que fuy tan aficionado a mi patria, que no solo bolví para morir en ella, mas para morir con ella!*" "The world shall witness how dearly I have loved my country. I have returned, not merely to die in her bosom, but to die with her!" *Sousa.* Vid. § xxv.

produces a more enviable delight than any which fortune can ever bestow. The poor man is not always poor!

But gallantry was the leading trait in the disposition of CAMOENS. His amours were various and successful. Woman was to him as a ministering angel, and for the little joy which he tasted in life, he was indebted to her. The magic of female charms forms his favourite theme, and while he paints the allurements of the sex with the glowing pencil of an enthusiast, he seems transported into that heaven which he describes. Nor did this passion ever desert him; even in his last days, he feelingly regretted the raptures of youth, and lingered with delight on the remembrances of love. A cavalier named Ruy de Camera[41], having called upon our author to finish a poetical version of the seven penitential psalms, raising his head from his miserable pallet, and pointing to his faithful slave, he exclaimed,

[41] *Sousa*. Vid. § xxix.

"Alas, when I was a poet, I was young, and happy, and *blest with the love of ladies*, but now, I am a forlorn deserted wretch:—See—there stands my poor Antonio, vainly supplicating *fourpence* to purchase a little coals—I have them not to give him!" The cavalier, as Sousa quaintly relates, closed his heart and his purse, and quitted the room. Such were the grandees of Portugal.

The genius of CAMOENS was almost universal. Like the great father of English poetry, there is scarcely any species of writing, from the epigram to the epic, which he has not attempted, and, like him, he has succeeded in all. It is not the province of the translator to offer any remarks on the Lusiad. That task has already been ably performed. Of his minor productions, the general characteristic is ease; not the studied carelessness of modern refinement, but the graceful and charming simplicity of a Grecian muse. When he wrote, the Italian model was in fashion, and as CAMOENS was intimately acquainted with

that language, he too frequently sacrificed his better judgment to the vitiated opinion of the public. Hence the extravagant hyperboles and laborious allusions which he has sometimes, though rarely, employed. But his own taste was formed on purer principles. He had studied and admired the poems of Provence[42]. He had wandered through those vast catacombs of buried genius, and treasure rewarded his search. Even the humble knowledge of Provençal literature, which the present writer possesses, has enabled him to discover many passages which the Portuguese poet has rendered his own. But we must be careful not to defraud CAMOENS of the merit of originality. To that character he has, perhaps, a juster claim than any of the moderns, Dante alone excepted. The same remark

[42] "The poetry of the Troubadours passed into Arragon and Catalonia at the time when the kings of the former territory (counts of Barcelona) became by marriage counts of Provence."

Mons. Le Grand, Fabliaux, vol. ii. p. 25.

which Landino applies to that poet may be referred to him[43]. He was the first who wrote with elegance in his native tongue. The language of Rome, and even of Greece, had been refined by antecedent authors, before the appearance of Virgil or of Homer, but CAMOENS was at once the polisher, and in some degree the creator of his own. How deplorable must have been its state, when it naturalized two thousand new words, on the bare authority of a single man[44]! Monsieur Ménage was wont to pique himself on having introduced into French the term "*vénuste;*" yet all his influence could never make it current, nor indeed did it long survive its illustrious fabricator[45].

[43] "Trovò Omero la lingua Greca molto già abbondante, ed elimata da Orfeo, da Museo, &c. &c. trovò Virgilio la Latina esornata e da Ennio, e da Lucrezio, &c. &c. ma inanzi a Dante in lingua Toscana nessuno avea trovato alcuna leggiadria, &c." *Landina.* Comm. in Dant. ed. MCCCCXCI. fol. xiii.

[44] Longueruana, ou Pensées de l'Abbé Dufour, p. 229.

[45] Ibidem.

Our author, like many others, has suffered much from the cruel kindness of editors and commentators. After the first publication of his "*Rimas*," there appeared a number of spurious compositions, which, for some time, were attributed to him. Amongst these was a poem to which notice is due, not on account of its own merit, but from regard to the reputation of CAMOENS. It is called "*The Creation and Composition of Man*," and is a strange medley of anatomy, metaphysics, and school divinity. In subject, and occasionally in execution, it strikingly resembles the *Purple Island* of Phineas Fletcher; and, like it, is a curious example of tortured ingenuity. One instance shall suffice. Man is typified under the symbol of a tower. The mouth is the gateway, and the teeth are described as two and thirty millers, clothed in white, and placed as guards on either side of the porch. His metaphor is more satirically just, when he represents the tongue as a female, old and experienced, whose office was to regulate and assist the efforts of the thirty-two grinders afore

said, all young men of indispensable utility and extraordinary powers.

" Duros e rijos, trinta e dous moleiros
" De grande força, e util exerciço!"

He must possess no little credulity who would attribute such a work to the author of the Lusiad[46].

There is also another poem which bears his name, but is certainly the production of a different hand. The martyrdom of St. Ursula and the eleven thousand virgins forms its subject. But it is not probable that the persevering chastity of these unhappy ladies could ever have found favour in the sight of our amorous bard. It is still less likely that he would have celebrated it in song.

CAMOENS is the reputed author of three comedies, published at different periods after

[46] A Treatise on Surgery was printed in 1551, by Bernardino de Montana. The second part of it is called *" El Sueno,"* or, The Dream, and seems to have been the original from which this singular poem was derived.

his death. The subject of one of them is the amour of Antiochus with his step-mother Stratonice. There are some fine passages to be found in this production; but, in general, the writer seems to have anticipated the taste of modern times, and to have considered comedy and farce as the same. Another is founded on the prolonged adventure of Jupiter and Alcmena. The third, and indisputably the best, relates the romantic loves of a prince of Denmark and a Spanish lady, who, after a due course of tribulation, prove to be first cousins, and are happily united. But notwithstanding the improbability of the design, the execution is good; and, on the whole, this composition bears internal evidence of the hand of CAMOENS.

Something remains to be said of the present translation. It is offered to the world with diffidence, as the favourite amusement of a young mind, which, when obliged to relax from severer studies, preferred literary trifling to total inactivity. The translator begs to ob-

serve, that for the most part, he has closely copied his author, but that where circumstances demanded, he has not hesitated to be

"True to his sense—but truer to his fame."

Literal versions are justly deemed absurd; yet, on the other hand, too great an extension of the Horatian precept, "*Nec verbum verbo*," has been the bane of many. It has proved to the world of translation what the phrase "liberality of sentiment" has been to that of morals—the worst of errors have originated from both.

Of the *notes* little can be said. He who comments on amatory verses undertakes but a limited office. His utmost effort is the citation of parallel passages, unless he substitute admiration for criticism; a mistake into which, of all others, a translator is most likely to fall.

The present writer has yet to offer his grateful acknowledgments to those whose advice

and experience have aided his labours. It is with pride and pleasure that he enrolls among them the names of *Percy* and of *Hayley*. To the kindness of the latter he is indebted for the assistance of many valuable books, which could not elsewhere be procured; and to the almost fatherly friendship of the learned Bishop of Dromore, his obligations have long been unbounded. It is no small honour to so young a writer, that he should be countenanced by men who, like the good spirits in *Trissino*, sit under the shade of their own laurels, and smile encouragement on those who are labouring up the mountain over which they preside.

POEMS,

ETC.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE

OF

CAMOENS.

POEMS.

CANZON.

" Lembrevos minha tristeza
Que jâ maís," &c.

CANST thou forget the silent tears
Which I have shed for thee?
And all the pangs, and doubts, and fears,
Which scatter'd o'er my bloom of years
The blights of misery?

I never close my languid eye
Unless to dream of thee;
My every breath is but the sigh,
My every sound the broken cry
Of lasting misery.

O, when in boyhood's happier scene
I pledg'd my love to thee,
How very little did I ween
My recompense should now have been
So much of misery!

MADRIGAL.

" Se de dó vestida andais
Por quem jâ vida no tem," &c.

Why art thou cloth'd in sad array
For him whose days are done,
Yet dost no sign of grief display
For those, thy lightning glances slay?
Though he thou mournest be but one;
—More than a thousand, they.—

Thou bendest on the lover's pray'r
The tearless eye of scorn;
And while thou dost, with barbarous care,
Th' illusive guise of feeling wear,
Tho' Pity's garb thy breast adorn
—She never enters there!

MADRIGAL. *(V. N.)*

(Spanish.)

" Mi coraçon me han roubado
Y Amor viendo mis enojos," &c.

THE heart that warm'd my guileless breast
Some wanton hand had thence convey'd,
But Love, who saw his bard distress'd,
In pity thus the thief betray'd—
" 'Tis she who owns the fairest mien
And sweetest eyes that e'er were seen!"

And sure if Love be in the right,
(And was Love ever in the wrong?)
To thee, my first and sole delight,
That simple heart must now belong—
Because thou hast the fairest mien
And sweetest eyes that e'er were seen!

MADRIGAL.

(V. N.)

" Naō me buscays, Amor ligeyrɔ,
Naō me buscays," &c.

Pr'ythee, Cupid, hence—desist—
Why should I increase the list
Of boys, whose sole delights consist
In kissing, and in being kiss'd?

Starlight eyes, and heaving snows,
Lips, young rivals of the rose,
Rounded limbs, and folding arms,
Dreams of undiscovered charms,

Bound their witchery once about me;
But their prisoner now is free,
Since on every side I see,
There are fools enough without me!

Prithee, Cupid, hence—desist—
Why should I increase the list?

CANZONET. *(V. N.)*

(Spanish.)

" Tiempo! que todo mudas,
El verde manto que," &c.

Flow'rs are fresh, and bushes green,
Cheerily the linnets sing;
Winds are soft, and skies serene;
Time, however, soon shall throw
Winter's snow
O'er the buxom breast of Spring.

Hope that buds in Lover's heart,
Lives not through the scorn of years;
Time makes Love itself depart,
Time and scorn congeal the mind;
Looks unkind
Freeze Affection's warmest tears!

Time shall make the bushes green,
Time dissolve the winter snow,
Winds be soft and skies serene,
Linnets sing their wonted strain,
But again,
Blighted Love shall never blow!

CANZONET.

(VIDE REMARKS ON CAMOENS, PAGE 12.)

"Polo meu apartamento
Se arrazaō," &c.

I WHISPER'D her my last adieu,
I gave a mournful kiss;
Cold show'rs of sorrow bath'd her eyes,
And her poor heart was torn with sighs;
Yet—strange to tell—'twas then I knew
Most perfect bliss.—

For Love, at other times suppress'd,
Was all betray'd at this—
I saw him weeping in her eyes,
I heard him breathe amongst her sighs,
And ev'ry sob which shook her breast
Thrill'd mine with bliss.

The sight which keen Affection clears,
How can it judge amiss?
To me, it pictur'd hope; and taught
My spirit this consoling thought,
That Love's sun, though it rise in tears,
May set in bliss!

RONDEAU. *(V. N.)*

" Com Amor a rosa,
Que taõ fresca," &c.

JUST like Love is yonder rose,
Heavenly fragrance round it throws,
Yet tears its dewy leaves disclose,
And in the midst of briars it blows,
Just like Love.

Cull'd to bloom upon the breast,
Since rough thorns the stem invest,
They must be gather'd with the rest,
And with it, to the heart be press'd,
Just like Love.

And when rude hands the twin-buds sever,
They die—and they shall blossom never,
—Yet the thorns be sharp as ever,
Just like Love.

STANZAS. *(V. N.)*

" Os bōs vi sempre passar
No mundo," &c.

I saw the virtuous man contend
With life's unnumber'd woes;
And he was poor—without a friend—
Press'd by a thousand foes.

I saw the Passions' pliant slave
In gallant trim, and gay;
His course was Pleasure's placid wave,
His life, a summer's day.—

And I was caught in Folly's snare,
And join'd her giddy train—
But found her soon the nurse of Care,
And Punishment, and Pain.

There surely is some guiding pow'r
Which rightly suffers wrong—
Gives Vice to bloom its little hour—
But Virtue, late and long!

CANZONET. *(V. N.)*

" Estasse a primavera trasladada
Em vossa vista," &c.

SPRING, in gay and frolic hour,
Deck'd my love from many a flow'r;
Bade young hyacinths diffuse
O'er her locks their scented dews;
Placed the violet's darker dyes
In her all imperial eyes;
Made her glowing cheek display
Roses, just their prime attaining;
But reserv'd the buds for staining
Lips, as fresh and firm as they!

Dear one! he whose amorous suit
Fain would turn thy blooms to fruit;
Does he merit thus from thee,
Piercing thorns of cruelty?

CANZON. *(V. N.)*

" Quando o sol encuberto vay mostrando
Ao mundo a luz quieta," &c.

When day has smil'd a soft farewell,
And night-drops bathe each shutting bell,
And shadows sail along the green,
And birds are still, and winds serene,
I wander silently.

And while my lone step prints the dew,
Dear are the dreams that bless my view,
To Memory's eye the maid appears,
For whom have sprung my sweetest tears,
So oft, so tenderly:

I see her, as with graceful care
She binds her braids of sunny hair;
I feel her harp's melodious thrill
Strike to my heart—and thence be still
Reecho'd faithfully:

I meet her mild and quiet eyė,
Drink the warm spirit of her sigh,
See young Love beating in her breast,
And wish to mine its pulses press'd,
God knows how fervently!

Such are my hours of dear delight,
And morn but makes me long for night,
And think how swift the minutes flew,
When last amongst the dropping dew,
I wander'd silently.

MADRIGAL. *(V. N.)*

" Nunca manhaã suave
Estendendo seus rayos," &c.

DEAR is the blush of early light
To him who ploughs the pathless deep,
When winds have rav'd throughout the night,
And roaring tempests banish'd sleep—
Dear is the dawn, which springs at last,
And shows him all his peril past.

Dearer to me the break of day,
Which thus thy bended eye illumes;
And chasing fear and doubt away,
Scatters the night of mental glooms,
And bids my spirit hope at last
A rich reward for peril past!

MADRIGAL. (*V. N.*)

"uem se confia em hũs olhos
Nas meninas delles vé," &c.

THE simple youth who trusts the fair,
Or on their plighted truth relies,
Might learn how vain such follies were,
By looking in his lady's eyes,
And catch a hint, if timely wise,
From those dumb children, cradled there!
"Poor fool! thy wayward feats forbear,"
(Those mute advisers seem to say)
"And hence with sighs, and tears, and care,
For thou but fling'st thy heart away,
To make a toy—for babies' play."

CANZONET. *(V. N.)*

" Naō sei quem assella
Vossa fermosura," &c.

THOU hast an eye of tender blue,
And thou hast locks of Daphne's hue,
And cheeks that shame the morning's break,
And lips that might for redness make
Roses seem pale beside them;
But whether soft or sweet as they,
Lady! alas, I cannot say,
For I have never tried them.

Yet, thus created for delight,
Lady! thou art not lovely quite,
For dost thou not this maxim know,
That Prudery is Beauty's foe,

A stain that mars a jewel!
And e'en that woman's angel face
Loses a portion of its grace,
If woman's heart be cruel!

Love is a sweet and blooming boy,
Yet glowing with the blush of joy,
And (still in youth's delicious prime)
Tho' ag'd as patriarchal Time,
The withering god despises:
Lady! wouldst thou for ever be
As fair, and young, and fresh as he—
Do all that love advises!

STANZAS

" Trabalhos descansariaõ
Se para vòs trabalhasse," &c.

YES—labour, love! and toil would please,
Were toil and labour borne for thee;
And Fortune's nursling, lapp'd on ease,
In wealth of heart be poor to me!

Why should I pant for sordid gain?
Or why Ambition's voice believe?
Since, dearest, thou dost not disdain
The only gift I have to give.

Time would with speed of lightning flee,
And every hour a comfort bring,
And days and years, employ'd for thee,
Shake pleasures from their passing wing!

CANZON.

(Spanish.)

" Sepa, quien padece,
Que en la sepoltura," &c.

O WEEP not thus—we both shall know
Ere long a happier doom;
There is a place of rest below,
Where thou and I shall surely go,
And sweetly sleep, releas'd from woe,
Within the tomb.

My cradle was the couch of Care,
And Sorrow rock'd me in it;
Fate seem'd her saddest robe to wear,
On the first day that saw me there,
And darkly shadow'd with despair
My earliest minute.

E'en then the griefs I now possess
As natal boons were given;
And the fair form of Happiness,
Which hover'd round, intent to bless,
Scar'd by the phantoms of distress,
Flew back to heaven!

For I was made in Joy's despite,
And meant for Misery's slave;
And all my hours of brief delight
Fled, like the speedy winds of night,
Which soon shall wheel their sullen flight
Across my grave!

CANZON.

(Spanish.)

" Pues me distes tal herida
Con gaña de darme muerte," &c.

When I am done to death by thee,
And cold thy lover lies;
Turn to me, dear one; turn and see
Thy beauty's sacrifice!

Turn to me, dear—and haply then
Thy looks may life restore;
And teach the heart to beat again,
That beat for thee before!

Turn to me, dear! and should a gem
On those soft eyelids shine—
Fall, holy balm—fall fast from them
In showers, and waken mine.—

Turn—and from lips that breathe of May,
If one kind kiss be given,—
He who in deathly slumber lay
Slept—but to wake in Heaven!

CANZONET. *(V. N.)*

"Os olhos socegados," &c.

LADY! when, with glad surprise,
I meet thy soft and shaded eyes,
Or lost in dreams of love behold
Thy waving locks of darken'd gold,
  Or press the lip, whose dew discloses
  Sweets, that seem the breath of roses,
Lady! I sigh—and with a tear,
Swear earth is heav'n—if thou art near!

But when (the hour of transport o'er)
My soul's delight is seen no more,
Remembering all thy host of charms,
I tremble then with wild alarms;
  And, taught by jealous doubt, discover
  In every gazing youth a lover;
Confessing with a silent tear
That heaven and hell are wondrous near!

CANZON. *(V. N.)*

" Se as penas com que Amor tão mal me trata
Permiterem que eu tanto viva dellas," &c.

SHOULD I but live a little more,
Nor die beneath thy cold disdain,
These eyes shall see thy triumphs o'er,
Shall see the close of Beauty's reign.

For Time's transmuting hand shall turn
Thy locks of gold to " silvery wires;"
Those starry lamps shall cease to burn,
As now, with more than heav'nly fires.

Thy ripen'd cheek no longer wear
The ruddy blooms of rising dawn;
And every tiny dimple there
In wrinkled lines be roughly drawn!

And oh! what show'rs of fruitless woe
  Shall fall upon that fatal day—
How wilt thou weep the frequent "NO,"
  How mourn occasion past away.

Those vain regrets, and useless sighs,
  Shall in my heart no pity move—
I'll deem them but a sacrifice
  Due to the shade of buried Love!

STANZAS.

TO NIGHT. *(V. N.)*

" Segreda noite Amiga, a que obedeço,
As rosas," &c.

NIGHT! to thee my vows are paid;
Not that e'er thy quiet shade
Me in bower of dalliance laid,
Bless'd and blessing, covers!
No—for thy friendly veil was made
To shroud successful lovers;
And I, Heaven knows,
Have never yet been one of those
Whose love has prov'd a thornless rose!

But since (as piteous of my pain)
Goddess! when I to thee complain
Of truth despis'd, and hard disdain,
Thou dost so mutely listen;
For this, around thy solemn fane
Young buds I strew, that glisten
With tears of woe
By jealous Tithon made to flow,
From Morning—thine eternal foe!

CANZON. *(V. N.)*

"Arvore! que brando e bello," &c.

THOU pride of the forest! whose dark branches spread
To the sigh of the south-wind their tremulous green,
And the tinge of whose buds is as rich and as red
As the mellowing blushes of maiden eighteen!

O'er thee may the tempest in gentleness blow,
And the lightnings of Summer pass harmlessly by;
For ever thy buds keep their mellowing glow,
Thy branches still wave to the southernly sigh.

Because in thy shade, as I lately reclin'd,
The sweetest of visions arose to my view;
'Twas the swoon of the soul—'twas the transport
of mind—
'Twas the happiest minute that ever I knew.

For this shalt thou still be my favourite tree,—
In the heart of the poet thou never canst fade;
It shall often be warm'd by remembering thee,
And the dream which I dreamt in thy tremu-
lous shade.

CANZONET. *(V. N.)*

"Eu cantey já, e agora," &c.

How sprightly were the roundelays
I sang in Love's beginning days;
—Now, alas, I but deplore
Death of all that bless'd before!

Then my heart was in its prime,
('Twas Affection's budding time!)
—It is broken now—and knows
One sense only—sense of woes!

Joy was whilom dash'd with ill,
Yet my songs were cheerful still;
—They were like the captive's strains,
Chanted to the sound of chains!

CANZON. *(V. N.)*

"A minha dór, e o nome," &c.

WHY should I indiscreetly tell
The name my heart has kept so well?
Why to the senseless crowd proclaim
For whom ascends my bosom-flame?

Alas, there are but very few
Who feel as I for ever do—
And hear, with shrinking sense of pain,
Holy words from lips profane!

For she is holy in my sight
As are the seraph forms of light;
And that bless'd name denotes whate'er
Of good there be—or chaste—or fair.

Of her, in time of heaviest woe,
I think, and tears forget to flow;
Of her, in passion's fervid dreams,
And rapture's self the sweeter seems.—

And shall the name, whose magic pow'r
Throws light on every passing hour,
Shall it, a word of usage grown,
By every heartless fool be known?

No—let it, shrin'd within my breast
A little saint, for ever rest,
With pious ardours worship'd there,
Yet never mention'd, but in pray'r!

CANZONET. *(V. N.)*

"A DAMA QUE JURAVA PELOS SEUS OLHOS."

THE LADY WHO SWORE BY HER EYES.

"Quando me quiz enganar
A minha bella perjura," &c.

When the girl of my heart is on perjury bent,
The sweetest of oaths hides the falsest intent,
And Suspicion, abash'd, from her company flies,
When she smiles like an angel—and swears by
her eyes.

For in them such magic, she knows, is display'd,
That a tear can convince, and a look can persuade;
And she thinks that I dare not, or cannot, refuse
To believe on their credit whate'er she may choose.

But I've learn'd from the painful experience of
youth,
That vehement oaths never constitute truth;
And I've studied those treacherous eyes, and I
find
They are mutable signs of a mutable mind!

Then, dear one, I'd rather, thrice rather believe
Whate'er you assert, even though to deceive,
Than that you "by your eyes" should so wick-
edly swear,
And sin against heaven—for heaven is there!

PART OF THE THIRD ELEGY.

(V. N.)

"O Sulmonense Ovidio desterrado
Na aspereza," &c.

WHEN that sweet bard, to whose harmonious hand
Love's golden harp in softest warblings sigh'd,
By stars unkind was too severely tried,
And forc'd afar from Rome's parental land
To pace with weary step the Pontic strand;
What a cold rush of recollections came
Across the exile's sad and sinking mind,
When Memory drew the joys he left behind!
Her, who so long had fann'd his chaster flame,
His babes—his home—and all that charm'd before,
And all that bless'd him once,—but ne'er shall bless him more.

Poor banish'd wretch!—he had not pow'rs to bear
The vast unutterable pangs of thought;
But still in woods, and wilds, and caverns sought
A secret covert from the murderer Care;
Now slowly wandering through the midnight air,
In briar'd dell he roams, or pathless grove,
While vainly sings the mellow nightingale,
Unheard by him—although she chant a tale
So like his own—so sad—so full of lòve—
Clos'd are his ears—and dim his moisten'd eyes,
That view with dull regard the cold and starry skies.

CANZONET.

"Naō nos engane a riqueza,
Porqu," &c.

SINCE in this dreary vale of tears
No certainty but death appears,
Why should we waste our vernal years
In hoarding useless treasure?

No—let the young and ardent mind
Become the friend of humankind,
And in the generous service find
A source of purer pleasure!

Better to live despis'd and poor
Than Guilt's eternal stings endure;
The future smile of God shall cure
The wound of earthly woes.

Vain world! did we but rightly feel
What ills thy treacherous charms conceal,
How would we long from thee to steal
To Death—and sweet repose!

CANZON. *(V. N.)*

"Vi o moço, e pequenino," &c.

I MET Love wand'ring o'er the wild,
In semblance of a simple child;
I heard his name, and in the sound
So much of sweet persuasion found,
That, piteous of his tears, I press'd
The little darling to my breast,
And watch'd his quiet slumbers there
With all a father's tender care!

From day to day the orphan grew,
And with him my affection too;
Till at the last, around my mind
The winning boy so closely twin'd,
I learnt his baby form to prize,
Like one of those within mine eyes,
And lov'd the young adopted more
Than ever sire did son before;

I had a bank of favourite flow'rs,
Which blossom'd e'en in wintry hours,
Content, the bosom's thornless rose,
And innocence, and heart's repose;
—Love, like a rude and wanton boy,
Broke into my bow'rs of joy,
Tore Content's young roses thence,
Kill'd repose——and innocence!

Ah, wretch! what mischief hast thou done
To him who lov'd thee like a son!
How couldst thou dim the doting eyes
Which did thee like their babies prize?
How break the heart of him who press'd
Thee, cold and weeping, to his breast,
And watch'd thy quiet slumbers there,
With all a father's tender care?

CANZON.

"EL PEQUEÑO SONRISO."

FROM

RIACHUELO.

TO INES DE GUETE.

DEAR Ines, wouldst thou but believe
A heart that knows not to deceive,
(Alas! nor longer free);
That faithful heart should truly tell
The secret charm, the tender spell,
That bound it first to thee.

'Tis not, that cradled in thine eyes
The baby Love for ever lies
On couches dipp'd in dew;
'Tis not because those eyes have won
Their temper'd light from April's sun,
From Heaven their tints of blue!

'Tis not that o'er a bank of snow
Thy parted tresses lightly flow,
In waves of lucid gold;
Nor yet because the hand of grace
Has form'd that dear enchanting face
In beauty's happier mould!

It was not these—but from my soul,
It was a little smile that stole[1]
The cherish'd sweets of rest;
And ever since, from dawn to night
And night to dawn, it haunts my sight,
In dimples gaily dress'd.

[1] This sentiment is very like some beautiful lines of Clement Marot.

Du ris de Madame d' Allebret.

" Elle ha très bien cette gorge d'albastre,
Ce doulx parler, ce clair tainct, ce beaulx yeux,
Mais en effect, ce petit ris follastre
C'est à mon gré ce qui luy sied le mieux."

E'en now by Fancy's eyes are seen
The polish'd rows that break between
Two lips that breathe of May[2];
E'en now—but oh, by Passion taught,
Young Fancy forms too bold a thought
For timorous Love to say!

Yet, Ines—wouldst thou but believe
A heart that knows not to deceive,
(Alas! nor longer free);
'Twould tell thee, thou canst ne'er impart
A smile of thine to soothe a heart
More truly bound to thee!

....
....

[2] Literally, "*De sangre y leche pintados.*" This simile, which in our language would convey any idea but that of beauty, is nevertheless very common in Spanish Poetry. CAMOENS too has frequently adopted it.

SONNETS.

V. N.

SONNET I. *(V. N.)*

" O culto divinal ce celebrava
No templo donde," &c.

SWEETLY was heard the anthem's choral strain,
And myriads bow'd before the sainted shrine,
In solemn reverence to their Sire divine,
Who gave the Lamb for guilty mortals slain;
When in the midst of God's eternal fane,
(Ah, little weening of his fell design!)
Love bore the heart (which since hath ne'er been mine)
To one, who seem'd of heaven's elected train;
For sanctity of place or time were vain,
'Gainst that blind archer's soul-consuming pow'r,
Which scorns, and soars all circumstance above.
Oh, Lady! since I've worn thy gentle chain,
How oft have I deplor'd each wasted hour,
When I was free—and had not learn'd to love!

SONNET II. *(V. N.)*

"O Cisne, quando sente ser chegada
A hora que poem," &c.

WHILE on the margin of his native shores,
In death's cold hour the silver cygnet lies,
Soft melodies of woe, and tuneful sighs,
And lamentations wild, he plaintive pours,
Still charm'd of life—and whilst he yet deplores
The drear, dark night that seals his closing eyes,
In murmur'd grief for lost existence—dies!
So, Lady (thou, whom still my soul adores),
While scarcely ling'ring in a world of pain,
My wearied spirit treads the verge of death—
O Lady, then thy Poet's parting breath
Shall faintly animate his final song,
To tell of broken vows—and cold disdain—
And unrequited love—and cruel wrong!

SONNET III. *(V. N.)*

" Agora toma a espada, agora a pena
Estacio nosso," &c.

EUSTACE! or when you wield the ponderous spear,
Or mingle in the bard's romantic throng,
To you eternal palms of fame belong!
To Mars alike, and to the Muses dear,
Whether adown the waves of war you steer,
Or sail upon the tranquil streams of song.
O, if awhile, with cadence clear and strong,
My reed might hope to charm your learned ear,
All undebas'd by aught of pastoral sound,
Then, Eustace, would that humble reed proclaim,
How you (for valour as for verse renown'd)
Shall win the warrior's and the poet's praise,
And like a watch-tow'r on the steeps of fame,
Show'r light upon the sons of distant days!

SONNET IV. *(V. N.)*

"No mundo poucos ãnos e cansados
Vivi, cheos de vil miseria." &c.

SLOWLY and heavily the time has run
Which I have journey'd on this earthly stage;
For, scarcely entering on my prime of age,
Grief mark'd me for her own; ere yonder sun
Had the fifth lustrum of my days begun:
And since, cumpulsive Fate and Fortune's rage
Have led my steps a long, long pilgrimage
In search of lost repose, but finding none!
For that fell star which o'er my cradle hung
Forc'd me from dear ALAMQUER'S rustic charms,
To combat perils strange and dire alarms,
Midst that rough main, whose angry waters roar
Rude Abyssinia's cavern'd cliffs among,
—Far from green Portugal's parental shore!

SONNET V.

(VID. N. AND LIFE OF CAMOENS, PAGE 12.)

"Aquella triste e leda madrugada," &c.

TILL Lovers' tears at parting cease to flow,
Nor sunder'd hearts by strong despair be torn;
So long recorded be that April morn
When gleams of joy were dash'd with show'rs of woe:
Scarce had the purpling east began to glow,
Of mournful men it saw me most forlorn;
Saw those hard pangs, by gentle bosoms borne,
(The hardest sure that gentle bosoms know!)
—But oh, it saw Love's charming secret told
By tears fast dropping from celestial eyes,
By sobs of grief, and by such piteous sighs
As e'en might turn th' infernal caverns cold,
And make the guilty deem their sufferings ease,
Their torments luxury—compar'd to these!

SONNET VI. *(V. N.)*

" Julgame a gente toda por perdido
Vendome taō entregue a meu cuydado," &c.

My senses lost, misjudging men declare,
And Reason banish'd from her mental throne,
Because I shun the crowd, and dwell alone
In the calm trance of undisturb'd despair,
Tears all my pleasure—all my comfort care!
But I have known, from long experience known
How vain the worship to those idols shown,
Which charm the world, and reign unrivall'd there:
Proud dreams of pow'r, and fortune's gilded glare,
The lights that blaze in tall Ambition's tow'r,
For such, let others waste life's little hour
In toil and weary search—but be it mine,
Lady! to muse of thee—and in my bow'r
Pour to thy praise the soul-impassion'd line!

SONNET VII. *(V. N.)*

" Se quando vos perdì, minha esperança
A memoria perdera juntamente," &c.

WHEN from my heart the hand of Fortune tore
Those smiling hopes that cheer'd mine earlier day,
Would that she too had kindly borne away
The sweetly sad remembrances of yore!
I should not then, as now, in tears deplore
My buried bliss, and comfort's fast decay;
For LOVE (on whom my vain dependance lay)
Still ling'ring on delights that live no more,
Kills all my peace—whene'er the tyrant sees
My spirit taste a little hour of ease!
Fell star of fate! thou never canst employ
A torment teeming with severer smart.
Than that which memory pours upon the heart,
While clinging round the sepulchre of joy!

SONNET VIII. *(V. N.)*

" Claras agoas e frias do Mondego
Doce repouso," &c.

MONDEGO! thou, whose waters cold and clear
Gird those green banks, where fancy fain would stay,
Fondly to muse on that departed day
When Hope was kind and Friendship seem'd sincere;
—Ere I had purchas'd knowledge with a tear.
—Mondego! though I bend my pilgrim way
To other shores, where other fountains stray,
And other rivers roll their proud career,
Still—nor shall time, nor grief, nor stars severe,
Nor widening distance e'er prevail in aught
To make thee less to this sad bosom dear;
And Memory oft, by old Affection taught,
Shall lightly speed upon the plumes of thought,
To bathe amongst thy waters cold and clear!

SONNET IX. *(V. N.)*

" Quem diz que amor he falso ou enganoso
Ligeyro ingrato," &c.

LIVES there a wretch, who would profanely dare
On Love bestow a tyrant's barbarous name,
And, foe to every soft delight, proclaim
His service, slavery; its wages, care?
For ever may he prove it so, nor e'er
Feel the dear transports of that generous flame;
For him nor maiden smile, nor melting dame
The silent couch of midnight bliss prepare!
For much he wrongs the gentlest, best of pow'rs,
Whose very pangs can charm, and torments please,
Whom long I've known, and in whose angriest hours
Such rapture found, as would I not forego,
No—not forego, for all the dead, cold ease
Which dull Indifference could e'er bestow!

SONNET X. *(V. N.)*

" Dizei, Senhora, da belleza idea
Para fazerdes," &c.

COME, tell me, fairest, from what orient mine
Where undiscover'd lurk the springs of day,
Did thy triumphant tresses steal away
Their sunny tinges, and their hues divine?
What magic makes thine eye so sweetly shine,
Like the clear breaking of a summer's day?
And when did Ocean's rifled cave resign
The pearly wealth thy parted lips betray,
When they are sever'd by seducing smiles?
—Yet hear me, fairest, since, with barbarous care,
Such store of blandishment and dangerous wiles
To thee thy star's propitious genius gave,—
—Warn'd by the self-adorer's fate, beware,
Nor gaze on yonder fount's reflecting wave!

SONNET XI. *(V. N.)*

"Apollo e as nóve musas descantando
Com a dourada lira," &c.

WHAT time the liberal Muses deign'd to show'r
Soft inspirations o'er my golden lyre,
Love, only love, would all my notes inspire,
While thus I sang, within my cottage-bow'r—
"—O blessed be the day, and bless'd the hour,
When first I felt the sweets of young desire;
Bless'd be the eyes that woke my am'rous fire,
And bless'd the heart, so soon that own'd their pow'r!"
Such was of old my cheerful roundelay,
Till time made all the dear delusion flee,
Tore from my heart, not love, but hope away,
And turning all my sunny scenes to night,
Veil'd every prospect from my sick'ning sight,
Save those of greater ills—if greater be!

SONNET XII. *(V. N.)*

" Em flor vós arrancou d'então crescida
Ah Senhor Dom Antonio," &c.

DEAR lost Antonio! whilst I yet deplore
My bosom's friend—and mourn the withering blow
Which laid, in manly flow'r, the warrior low,
Whose valour sham'd the glorious deeds of yore;
E'en while mine eyes their humid tribute pour,
My spirit feels a sad delight, to know
That thou hast but resign'd a world of woe
For one, where pains and griefs shall wound no more;
Tho' torn, alas, from this sublunar sphere,
For ever torn, by War's ungentle hand,
Still, were the Muse but as Affection strong,
My dead Antonio should revive in song,
And, grac'd by Poetry's " melodious tear,"
Live in the memory of a grateful land!

SONNET XIII. *(V. N.)*

" A fermosura desta fresca serra
E a sombra dos verdes castanheiros," &c.

SILENT and cool, now fresh'ning breezes blow
Where groves of chestnut crown yon shadowy steep;
And all around the tears of Evening weep
For closing day, whose vast orb, westering slow,
Flings o'er th' embattled clouds a mellower glow,
While hum of folded herds, and murmuring deep,
And falling rills, such gentle cadence keep,
As e'en might soothe the weary heart of woe;
Yet what to me is eve, what evening airs,
Or falling rills, or ocean's murmuring sound,
While sad and comfortless I seek in vain
Her who in absence turns my joy to cares,
And as I cast my listless glances round,
Makes varied scenery but varied pain!

SONNET XIV. *(V. N.)*

" Senhora minha se a fortuna imiga
Que em minha fim," &c.

My best belov'd!—although unpitying skies
And wrathful fortune sternly thus conspire
To bid thy servant's lingering steps retire
Far from the temper'd gleam of beauty's eyes—
Bound still to thine by Love's eternal ties,
That heart remains, where chaste and warm desire
Yet fondly glows with all its former fire,
And Death's cold touch and wasting time defies—
—Yes—and as urg'd by Fate's commands I go
To farthest regions, and unkindest shores,
Oh there, thy magic name's mysterious charm
Breath'd in a sigh, shall danger's self disarm,
And while the combat raves, or tempest roars,
Lull the loud storm, and soothe the threat'ning foe!

SONNET XV. *(V. N.)*

" Eu cantey jâ d'amor taō docemente
Que," &c. &c.

I SANG of love—and in so sweet a strain
That hearts most hard were soften'd at the sound,
And blushing girls, who gaily throng'd around,
Felt their souls tingle with delightful pain—
For quaintly did my chanted songs explain
Those little secrets that in love abound—
Life in a kiss, and death in absence found—
Feign'd anger—slow consent—and coy disdain,
And hardihood, at length with conquest crown'd.
Yet did I not with these rude lips proclaim
From whom my song such sweet instructions drew,
Too weak, alas! to pour the praises due
From youthful gratitude, to grace the name
Of her who kindly taught me all she knew!

SONNET XVI. (*V. N.*)

" Se da celebre Laura a fermosura
Hum numeroso Cisne," &c.

If those fam'd charms which grac'd the Tuscan fair
Could wake a bard so tender and so true,
Lady! to you, sure heav'nly songs are due,
Since Heav'n has form'd you with peculiar care;
Then how, alas! shall humble Liso dare
Attune his simple melodies to you?
Must I not trust to that kind chance anew
Which whilom wove the rosy bands I bear,
(When first it gave you to my amorous view):
—For certes, Lady, you derive your birth
From yon pure sky, and did from thence descend,
To cherish virtue on this lowly earth,
And mortal hearts of baser mould amend,
By bright example of superior worth!

SONNET XVII. (*V. N.*)

" Eu vivia de lagrimas izento
Num engano taō doce," &c.

From sorrow free, and tears, and dull despair,
I liv'd contented in a sweet repose;
I heeded not the happier star of those
Whose amorous wiles achiev'd each conquer'd fair;
(Such bliss I deem'd full dearly bought with care);
Mine was meek Love, that ne'er to frenzy rose,
And for its partners in my soul I chose
Benevolence, that never dreamt a snare,
And Independence, proudly cherish'd there!
—Dead now is Happiness—'tis past, 'tis o'er—
And in its place, the thousand thoughts of yore,
Which haunt my melancholy bosom, seem
Like the faint memory of a pleasing dream—
They charm a moment—and they are no more!

SONNET XVIII.

(V. N. AND LIFE OF CAMOENS, PAGE 12).

" Lindo sutil trançado que ficaste," &c.

DEAR band, which once adorn'd my worship'd fair,
Pledge of that better gift I hope to gain,
In just reward of Love's long suffer'd pain;
What mighty transport would my bosom share
Had I but won a tress of that crisp hair,
Whose rich luxuriance late thou didst restrain!
Much though I prize thee, must my heart complain,
Since deem'd not worthy next its pulse to wear
A little portion of that precious gold!
Dear band, my miser soul were griev'd indeed,
That stars severe and wayward fate withhold
Truth's just reward, and long affection's meed,
But that I know 'tis in Love's legends told,
Gifts, small as these, to greatest blessings lead!

SONNET XIX. *(V. N.)*

" Senhor Joaõ Lopez, o meu baixo estado,
Ontem vi posto em," &c.

O LOPEZ! yesterday the stars were kind,
And on my lowly state so fairly smil'd,
That even thou, though Fortune's favour'd child,
For mine would gladly have thy lot resign'd.
Her form I saw, who chains thy prison'd mind,
Her voice I heard, which musically mild,
While like a spell it every sense beguil'd,
E'en lull'd to peace the rude and restless wind!
—Lopez! that voice such rare persuasion arm'd,
That, in a word, our hearts it better charm'd
Than others could in thrice a thousand more;—
How have I since 'gainst Fortune rav'd and
Love,
'Cause that blind boy compels us thus t' adore
Her, whom high fortune rears our hopes above!

SONNET XX. *(V. N.)*

" Os olhos onde o casto Amor ardia
Ledo de se ver," &c.

THOSE charming eyes, within whose starry sphere
Love whilom sat, and smil'd the hours away,
Those braids of light that sham'd the beams of day,
That hand benignant, and that heart sincere;
Those virgin cheeks, which did so late appear
Like snow-banks scatter'd with the blooms of May,
Turn'd to a little cold and worthless clay,
Are gone—for ever gone—and perish here,
—But not unbath'd by Memory's warmest tear!
—Death! thou hast torn, in one unpitying hour,
That fragrant plant, to which, while scarce a flow'r,
The mellower fruitage of its prime was given;
Love saw the deed—and as he linger'd near,
Sigh'd o'er the ruin, and return'd to Heav'n!

STANZAS.

(Spanish.)

"Mi nueva y dulce querela
Es invisible," &c.

WITHIN my bosom's cell I bear
A recent wound—a valued woe;
It lurks unseen and buried there,
No gazing eyes my secret know.

It was, perhaps, too plainly told,
When last I heard the speaking maid;
—The rock untouch'd was hard and cold,
—The stricken flint its fires betray'd!

LUSIAD. CANTO VI.

ESTANCIA XXXVIII.

Em quanto este conselho se fazia,
No fundo aquoso, a leda e lassa frota
Com vento sossegado proseguia
Pelo tranquillo mar, a longa rota:
Era no tempo quando a luz do dia
Do Eoo emisferio está remota
Os do quarto da prima se deitâvam
Para o segundo os outros despertavam.

THE

NIGHT SCENE

IN THE VI. LUSIAD. *(V. N.)*

XXXVIII.

MEANTIME as thus below the murmuring deeps
In solemn council meet the watery train,
Her bold career the wearied navy keeps,
Yet cheer'd by Hope, while o'er the tranquil main,
To silence hush'd, the brooding tempest sleeps:
—'Twas at the hour, when long the solar wain
Had roll'd down Heav'n—and rous'd from warm repose,
Slow at their comrades' call the second watch arose.

XXXIX.

Vencidos vem do sono, e mal despertos
Bocejando a meudo, sa encostavaõ
Pelas antenas, todos mal cubertos
Contra os agudos ares, que assopravaõ;
Os olhos contra seu querer abertos
Mal esfregando, os membros estiravaõ,
Remedios contra o sono buscar querem,
Historias contam, casos mil referem.

XL.

Com que melhor podemos, hum dizia,
Este tempo passar, que he taõ pesado,
Senaõ com algum conto de alegria
Com que nos deixe o sono carregado?
Responde Leonardo, que trazia
Pensamentos de firme namorado,
Que contos poderemos ter melhores
Para passar o tempo, que de amores?

XXXIX.

Scarcely awake, against the tapering mast,
Heavy and cold recline the languid crew;
The broad sail, flapping, wards the nightly blast,
Which as across the decks it keenly blew
Through their worn garbs with piercing chillness pass'd;
And each tir'd limb they stretch, lest sleep subdue
Their lids that long to close, and all devise
By converse short and forc'd, to shun his soft surprise.

XL.

"How can we better these dull hours employ,
"How sleep defy," one watchful youth demands,
"Than by some gay romance, some tale of joy,
"To spur the time that now so stilly stands?"
"Yes," Leonard cries (whom long the archer boy
Had prison'd fast in beauty's gentle bands),
"Yes," Leonard cries, "'twill charm the tedious night
"To tell of venturous loves, and deeds of soft de-

XLI.

Naō he disse Velloso, cousa justa
Tratar branduras em tanta aspereza,
Que o trabalho do mar que tanto custa
Naō sofre amores, nem delicadeza;
Antes de guerra fervida e robusta
A nossa historia seja, pois dureza
Nossa vida ha de ser, segundo entendo
Que o trabalho por vir mo está dizendo.

XLII.

Consentem nisto todos & encomendaō
A Velloso, que conte isto, que aprova;
Contarei, disse sem que me reprendaō
De contar cousa fabulosa ou nova:
E porque os que me ouvirem daqui aprendaō
A fazer feitos grandes de alta prova,
Dos nacidos direi na nossa terra,
E estes sejaō os doze de Inglaterra.

XLI.

"Perish that thought!" the bold Veloso cries;
"Who talks of Love in danger's dire extremes?
"Shall we, while giant perils round us rise,
"Shall we attend to those enerving themes?
"No—rather some tremendous tale devise
"Of war's alarms, for such our state beseems—
"So shall we scorn our present ills, and learn
"To cope those coming toils my prophet eyes
discern."

XLII.

He spoke—and all accord—and all exclaim,
"To thee, Veloso, thee, the task is due!"
"None then," he cries, "shall this narration blame
"For slighted truth, or fables told as true;
"Arms I rehearse, and such high feats of fame,
"That all who hear shall glorious deeds pursue,
"Fir'd by the praise their own compatriots gain'd,
"Who erst the tilted fight 'gainst England's
Twelve maintain'd.

XLIII.

No tempo que do reyno a redea leve
Joaõ filho de Pedro moderava,
Depois que sossegado e livre o teve,
Do visinho poder que o molestava;
Lá, na grand Inglaterra que de neve
Boreal sempre abunda, semeâva
A fera Erinnis dura, e mâ cizania
Que lustre fosse a nossa Lusitania!

....

....

XLIII.

" When mighty Juan held the regal reins,
" (Great Pedro's son) for gentlest sway renown'd,
" What time he boldly burst those despot chains
" Which proud Castile about his country bound.
" It happ'd in haughty England's cold domains,
" Where Boreal snows for ever clothe the ground,
" Dire feuds arose—and from that distant shore,
" Eternal lights of fame our Lusian warriors bore."

....

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NOTES.

VOLE2

NOTES.

MADRIGAL. P. 40.

THIS is one of the many poems which CAMOENS originally wrote in Spanish. There are some of his compositions of a more motley description, in which he blends two languages together, and walks, as he expresses it, "with one foot in Portugal and the other in Spain." *Com hum pé a Portugueza, e outro a Castelhana.*

MADRIGAL. P. 41.

Matos, in one of his letters, quotes this little Poem as the production of CAMOENS, and on that authority only it is here inserted.

CANZONET. P. 43.

Our poet has managed this trite and common sentiment in his happiest manner. Nothing is more frequent in Provençal poetry than gay and romantic descriptions of Spring, "*wherein eche thynge reneweth, saue onelie the Louer*[1]."

RONDEAU. P. 47.

Perhaps this little Poem, in its present form, has no very just claim to the title which it bears. Like the preceding one, it seems to have been suggested by a hint of *Ausias March*, a Troubadour.

Sweet is love, and sweet is the rose,
Each has a flow'r, and each has a thorn;
Roses die when the cold wind blows,
Love, it is kill'd by lady's scorn!

[1] Surry.

STANZAS. P. 48.

These fine moral lines are remarkable for their extreme simplicity. The third Stanza probably alludes to one of those little transgressions of which our Poet was often guilty, but of which he seldom repented. The commentators suppose that it relates to a negro girl, of whom he was passionately fond. They endeavour to defend the irregularity of his taste, by comparing it to the *penchant* of the wisest of men for the dusky Queen of Sheba.

This negro slave was named Joanna, and to her CAMOENS addressed some pretty verses, beginning,

The captive which Victory gave to my arms
Has prison'd my soul in the chain of her charms;
So I soothe her with gentle good-humour, that she,
In return, may be more than good-humour'd to
me! &c. &c.

CANZONET. P. 50.

A mistress composed of flowers is by no means a rarity in the garden of the Muses. Our own Spenser has quaintly pursued this thought[1].

" Her lippes did smell like unto gilliflowers,
" Her ruddie cheeks like unto roses red;
" Her snowy browes like budded bellamours,
" *Her lovelie een like pinkes but newlie spred;*
" Her goodlie bosome like a strawberrie bed;
" *Her neck like to a bunch of cullambines,*
" Her brest like lillies 'ere their leaves be shed,
" Her nipples like young blossom'd jessamines,"
&c.

It must be confessed that the 4th and 6th lines of this fanciful Sonnet convey strange ideas of the lady's charms.

[1] Sonnet 64: And Shakspeare, Sonnet 99.

CANZON. P. 51.

Imitated from the 34th Sonnet. The Translator humbly presumed, that the graces of this charming little Poem would appear to greater advantage in its present form than in that of a Sonnet.

The creative powers of fancy, during the absence of a mistress, form a favourite subject of Provençal poetry. There is a very comical story somewhere of a fastidious gallant, whose perverted imagination conjured up circumstances, that finally put Love to death.

CAMOENS seems to have taken the hint of this Poem from Petrarch, Sonnet 90.

—Sennuccio i vò che sappi, &c.
Laura mi volve—
Quì tutta umile e quì la vidi altera,
Or aspra, or piana, or dispietata, or pia,
Or vestirsi, &c. &c.

And Petrarch was, perhaps, indebted for the idea to Ovid. Fast. 2. 769.

Carpitur attonitos absentis imagine sensus
Ille: recordanti plura magisque placent:
Sic sedit, sic culta fuit, sic stamina nevit,
Neglectæ collo sic jacuêre comæ;

Hos habuit vultus, hæc illi verba fuêrunt,
Hic color, hæc facies, hic decor oris erat;
Sic quamvis aberat placitæ præsentia formæ,
Quæ dederat præsens forma manebat amor.

IMITATED.

Strange is the power of thought—oft Memory
To view the maid in visionary dreams, [seems
Or bending o'er the loom with patient care,
Her white neck shaded by descending hair,
Or when her song the lapse of time beguiles,
Or sagely sad, or ripen'd into smiles;
The same that blush, the same that faultless grace,
The same those gay bewitcheries of face;
—Love deems her near—and hangs upon the form,
Which Fancy draws—as wishing and as warm!

MADRIGAL. P. 53.

IMITATED FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE FIFTH ODE.

Boscan, a celebrated Spanish Poet, has a thought somewhat similar.

Como despues del tempestoso dia
La tarde clara suele ser sabrosa,
Y despues de la noche tenebrosa
El resplandor del Sol plazer embia ;
Assi en su padecer el alma mia
Con la tarde del bien es tan gozosa, &c.

Sweet is evening's tranquil time,
When the day of storms is done;
Sweet the clear cold hour of prime,
Night just scatter'd by the sun;
—Sweet—but sweeter far to me
The dawn of hope diffus'd by thee!

MADRIGAL. P. 54.

The same term in Portuguese signifies both the pupil of the eye and a child. Hence the turn of this fanciful poem. Numberless and wretched have been the *concetti* to which this unfortunate pun has given birth. In our own language, something of the same kind has been attempted by Dr. Donne:

"So to engraft our handes as yet,
"Was all the meanes to make us one,
"And pictures in our eyes to get
"Was all our propagation."

THE ECSTACY.

Donne's was the age of quaintness, and it is surprising that this idea has not been more ramified and tortured by the English metaphysical poets of that school.

CANZONET. P. 55.

Some of the comment of Faria has been introduced into the translation of this poem, and certain very necessary liberties taken with the original.

" ***hou hast an eye,"*** **&c. Notwithstanding all that has been said, and all that has been written to disprove the existence of a real and positive standard of beauty, were we to argue from the universality of poetical taste in every age, we should place the essence of female loveliness in the description before us.—Locks of auburn and eyes of blue have ever been dear to the sons of song. The Translator almost ventures to doubt whether these two ideas do not enter into every combination of charms created by the poetical mind. The former are almost constantly accompanied by the advantages of complexion, and by that young freshness which defies the imitation of art. Sterne even considers them as indicative**

of moral qualities the most amiable, and asserts that they denote exuberance in all the warmer, and, consequently, in all the better feelings of the human heart. The Translator does not wish to deem this opinion as wholly unfounded. He is, however, aware of the danger to which such a confession exposes him,—but he flies for protection to the temple of

"AUREA VENUS."

CANZONET. P. 62.

This Poem is attributed to CAMOENS on very slight authority. It is certainly a curious specimen of the doggish jealousy too often found in the amours of his country.

"*—that Heaven is wondrous near.*" This sentiment strikingly resembles some lines of *Guillem Aesmer*, an old Provençal Poet.

"*Quant eu li quier merce en genoillos*
"*Ela mi colpa, et mi met ochaisos*

" E l'aigua m' cur ave'l per mer lo vis
" E ela me fai ung regard amoros
" Et eu le bais la bucha, e'l's ols am'dos
" —Adoncq mi par ung joi de Paradis[1]!"

IMITATED.

When at her feet I long have pray'd,
With pleading eloquence of sighs,
What bliss to hear the melting maid
In lowly murmurs bid me—"Rise."—

How all my bosom-pulses beat
When with a kiss I seal her eyes!
My soul springs forth her soul to meet,
—They meet and mix—in Paradise!

[1] Tyrwhitt's Chaucer. *Gloss.*

CANZON. P. 63.

The shortness of life, says one of our most elegant writers, is equally favourable to the arguments of the voluptuary and of the moralist. Every hard-hearted fair one, from the beginning of time, has been reminded that

" La Beaulte n'est ung fruict de garde."

This Canzon seems to have been suggested by part of the 63d Chant. of *Ausias March*, the Provençal Poet.

" No sabea prou si leixau temps fugir
" —Et temps perdut no polt ester cobrat," &c.

Did ever yet a moment stay
To please the dallying lover?
And who that lost the lucky day
Could e'er that loss recover? &c. &c.

" *Thy locks of gold,*" *&c.* So Bembo,

" *Quando le chiome d'or caro e lucente*
" *Saranno argente,*" &c.

The Translator has, in this place, taken a line from Drummond.

" *Those vain regrets,*" &c. Gil Polo, a Spanish Poet, prettily treats this thought in his *Diana*, Lib. ii.

" *Porque toma tal vingança,*
" *De vosotras el amor,*
" *Que entonces os dá dolor*
" *Quando os falta la esperança!*"

Thy pride of charms shall all decay,
And thou shalt then its forfeit pay,
And vainly weep thy former scorn,
Thy thousand lovers' slighted pray'rs,—
And grief shall in thy heart be born,
When love is dead in theirs!

STANZAS TO NIGHT. P. 65.

These Stanzas are the conclusion of an Ode to the Moon, and are the only part of it which is worth the trouble of translation.

"*Young buds I strew*," &c. The classical offering of flowers to Night seems to have been suggested by B. Tasso. *Rime*, Lib. ii. Can. 3.

"*Notte! che debbo darte*
"*Che cosi intenta, e cheta*
"*Ascolti le mie voci alta e noiose?*
"*Poiche d'altro honorarte*
"*Non posso, prendi lieta*
"*Queste negre viole e queste rose*
"*Dall' umor rugiadose*," &c.

Night! since thy pensive ear did not disdain
The weeping lover's sadly dittied strain,
Large gifts of gratitude to thee he owes,
Who kindly listen'd to his tale of woes.—

Be generous still—his little all receive,
All that a Poet's humble hands can give;
Young violets that boast celestial blue,
And budding roses, newly dipt in dew!

"*By jealous Tithon,*" &c. The tears of Aurora are frequently mentioned by poets, but it was reserved for Phineas Fletcher to give a natural explication of them—

"Aurora from old Tithon's frostie bed,
"(Cold wintrie wither'd Tithon) earlie creepes,
"Her cheek with grief was pale, with anger red,
"Out of her window close she blushing peepes,
"Her weeping eyes in pearled dew she steepes,
"Casting what sportlesse nights she ever led."

ECLOGUE VII.

(The Prize.)

CANZON. P. 67.

IMITATED FROM THE XXXVI. SON. OF THE SECOND CENTURY.

The tree to which these lines are addressed seems from the description to have been the *Durio*. It is a species of apple-tree, which grows to an immense size, and to the fruit of which that quality is attributed which the ancients formerly assigned to the *Lotos*. (Sousa.)

"*As the mellowing blushes*," &c. The luxuriance of female charms furnishes our Poet with some of his happiest allusions. In particular, that most celebrated simile in the 9th Lusiad:

"*Os fermosos limões, alli cheirando*
"*Estaõ virgineas tetas imitando.*"

Here balmy citrons scent the whisp'ring grove,
Round as the virgin's rising breasts of love.

CANZONET. P. 69.

So Petrarch, Sonn. 194.

" *Cantai—or piango, e non men di dolcezza*
" *Del pianger prendo, che del canto presi,*" &c.

Gay were my songs—now tears will only flow,
And all my bliss is centred but in woe!

" ———*Like the captive's strains*
" *Chanted to the sound of chains!*"

Imitated from Tibullus, Eleg. vii. b. 2.

" *Spes etiam validâ solatur compede vinctum,*
" *Crura sonant ferro, sed canit inter opus:*"

For Hope can soothe the wearied prisoner's pains,
And turn to melody the clank of chains;
Consol'd by her, while harsh the fetter rings,
He thinks of happier days, and gaily sings.

CANZON. P. 70.

The chaste discretion of delicate love is admirably portrayed in this little Poem. Happy for our Author had he always obeyed its dictates!

CANZONET. P. 72.

"*The Lady who swore by her eyes.*" Such asseverations were not unusual in the days of chivalry. They are frequently mentioned in the Tales of the Troubadours. In the *Lai of Courtoys* there is a particular instance. "*Estant cousches* "*en lict, la belle dame li faict sermen, e dict, par* "*ma fleor, dict elle, e* PAR CILS YEULX *qi tant* "*estimes,*" &c. The modest reader must not expect the remainder of this strange adjuration, which is a continued medley of pious phrases and sentiments by no means analagous.

ELEGY. P. 74.

The Elegy from which these lines are taken was probably written by CAMOENS at Santarem, whither he had been banished. The circumstances of his exile and the cause of it produced a natural comparison between his fate and that of Ovid.

"*Her who so long*," &c.

"*His babes*," &c.

In the third Epistle from Pontus, Ovid thus unfashionably laments the absence of his wife:

"*Utque sit exiguum pœnæ, quòd conjuge charâ*
"*Quòd careo patriâ, pignoribusque meis.*"

Tis mine to mourn the cherish'd joys of life;
Mourn for my distant country—children—wife.

CANZON. P. 78.

Among the numerous imitations of Anacreon's Wandering Cupid, there is none in which the playful character of boyhood has been so well preserved as it is in this little Poem. The destruction of the flowers is an act of mere childish mischief, which admirably accords with "the young adopted's age.

"*His baby form,*"—

"*Like one of those within mine eyes.*" CAMOENS is passionately fond of this allusion. It has been fancifully pursued by one of the most original of our modern Poets[1].

[1] Little's Poems, p. 26.

SONNETS. P. 83.

Amongst other reasons why the legitimate Italian Sonnet be not suitable to the genius of the English language, the following is not the least forcible. In those languages which are more immediately formed on the Latin, there is a frequent similarity of termination, which greatly facilitates the use of rhyme. Accordingly, the Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese languages (which originate from that source) have adopted the licence of polysyllabic rhyme, and with it the Sonnet. The former was a liberty which they could scarcely have avoided, but which has never been sanctioned by the "*Musæ severiores*" of England. To us, therefore, the mechanical arrangement of a Sonnet becomes a matter of peculiar difficulty.

Some of the Spanish poets have laid down a collection of rules for the construction of Sonnets, so pompous and so particular that it seems as if they considered that species of composition as the

sublimest effort of human ingenuity. In all the oracular obscurity of Portuguese metaphor we are told, that a Sonnet should "be opened with a key of silver, and closed with one of gold!" *Que ha o Soneto de abrirse com chave de prata, e fecharse com chave de ouro*[1].

SONNET I. P. 85.

Love delights to recall the circumstances of its earlier existence; and to CAMOENS those earlier remembrances were certainly the pleasantest.

"*When in the midst*," &c. This event, from the internal evidence of other Poems, appears to have taken place on Holy Thursday, 1542, in that church at Lisbon which is dedicated to the "*Wounds of Christ*." If we compute according to the calendar then in use, we shall be able to ascertain the exact day on which our Poet's passion commenced. He tells us in the 7th Canzon, that it began "when the sun was entering Taurus."

[1] Trat. da Vers. Portug. Em Lisboa, 1781. 12mo.

Before the Gregorian alteration, that ingress was settled to be on the 10th of April. Holy Thursday, in the year 1542, happened on the 11th of April. There is a class of readers to whom the omission of this point would have appeared unpardonable, and for their instruction the Translator has investigated it.

" —*each wasted hour*—"
" *When I was free*," &c.

Faria says that CAMOENS was indebted for this idea to *Silvestre*, a Spanish Poet.

" *Tan preciosa es mi prision,*
" *Soy tan bien aprisionado,*
" *Que pido reconvencion,*
" *Del tiempo que no lo he estado!*"

VISIT OF LOVE.

So delightful my prison had grown,
So charming the fetters I bore,
That my bosom regretted alone
—It had not been captur'd before!

SONNET II. P. 86.

The Sonnets formed on this idea, both previous and subsequent to that of CAMOENS, are almost innumerable. It is probable that our Poet founded his on some lines in *Garcilasso.*

" Entonces como quando el Cisne siente
" El ansia postrimera que le aquexa
" Y tienta el cuerpo misero y doliente
" Con triste e lamentable son se quexa
" Y se despide con funesto canto
" Del espirtù vital que del se alexa;
" Assi aquexado yo de dolor tanto
" Que el alma abandonava yá la humana
" Carne, solté la rienda al triste Ilanto."

ECLOG. II.

IMITATED.

As pours the swan his melancholy strains,
While death-pangs shudder thro' his freezing veins,

Just as existence wings her parting flight,
And heart grows chill, and eyes are steep'd in night,
He mourns for life, in lapses sad but strong,
And his last accents falter into song.

So when I leave this dreary vale of woe,
And love and grief have brought my spirit low,
For thee, most fair—most lov'd—thee, most se-
vere,
For thee thy bard shall weep his latest tear,
And faintly utter with his failing breath,
" 'Tis parting makes the bitterness of death!"

" *And unrequited love and cruel wrong.*" The original concludes with a line of pure Spanish, taken from *Boscan.*

" *La vuestra falsa fé, y el amor mio.*"

Such combinations of language are not unusual among the Poets of Italy, Portugal, and Spain. The following curious medley is found in a Canzon of the immortal DANTE.

" Chanson! vos pognez ir par tot le mond,
" Namque locutus sum in linguâ trinâ,
" Ut gravis mea spina,
" Si faccia per lo mondo ogn' uomo il senta
" Forse pietá n'havra chi me tormenta," &c.

Our own Chaucer has likewise indulged in this practice,

"*O pulchrior Sole* in beautie, & full ylucidente!"

IX. LADIES' WORTHIE.

SONNET III. P. 87.

This fine Sonnet is addressed to *Estacio de Faria*, grandfather to the Commentator on CAMOENS, who says of him, that, "*if not great in all things, he was little in none.*"

"*And like a watch-tower.*" The original contains a pun on the words *Farò* and *Faria*.

SONNET IV. P. 88.

The touching melancholy of many of those compositions in which CAMOENS complains of his sorrows, becomes truly interesting when we consider, that he laments what he actually suffered, that he was not fastidiously unhappy, but underwent real misery in its fullest extent.

"*To combat perils strange.*" The original is not very graceful—"*Me fez manjar de peixes;*" literally, "had made me *food for fishes.*"

"*Midst that wild main,*" &c. Alluding not to the shipwreck which he suffered in the Gulf of Cochin-China, but to the dangers encountered when he accompanied Manuel de Vasconcelos in an expedition against the Moorish vessels in the Red Sea, about the month of February, 1555.

The Commentator Sousa will not allow that

this Sonnet relates to the life of CAMOENS. He supposes it to have been written by our Poet, but to be descriptive of the misfortunes of one of his friends, and liberally bestows the epithets, "beast and fool," on those who presume to think otherwise.

SONNET V. P. 89.

Written on the morning of our Poet's departure from Lisbon to Santarem.

"—*Purpling orient*," &c. Literally "*marchetada*," inlaid.

"*As e'en might turn*," &c. This fanciful rhodomontade seems to have been suggested by Dante.

"*E comminció raggiandomi d'un riso*
"*Tal, che nel fuoco, faria l'uom felice!*"
PARADISO, CANTO VII. V. 17.

SONNET VI. P. 90.

"*My senses lost,*" &c. Perhaps this complaint was more than poetically true. The assertion in question might have been occasioned by the noble independence of our Poet's disposition, and by his undisguised contempt of titled ignorance and dignified barbarity. Such conduct will in all ages obtain the appellation of madness.

SONNET VII. P. 91.

Bertaut, an old French Poet, hath expressed the same sentiment in a beautiful manner.

Félicité passée
Qui ne peux revenir,
Tourment de ma pensée!
Que n'ay-je en te perdant, perdu le souvenir?

Helas, il ne me reste
De mes contentemens,
Qu' un souvenir funeste
Qui me les convertit, à toute heure, en tourmens!

SONNET VIII. P. 92.

The earliest and happiest years of our Poet's life were passed at Coimbra. The walls of that town were bathed by the river Mondego, to which this beautiful Sonnet is addressed.

SONNET IX. P. 93.

It is amusing to observe our Poet's recantation of all his former blasphemies against the omnipotence of Love. Perhaps, if every man who has felt its influence were to be equally candid, he would confess that his sweetest hours were those which were passed under its dominion. "*Croyez moi, on n'est heureux que par l' amour.*" So said the dangerous Valmont, and once, at least, the dangerous Valmont was right!

SONNET X. P. 94.

"*Come tell me, fairest.*" Thus too *Ferreyra*, one of the most pleasing amongst the Portuguese writers:

"*—Donde tomou amor, e de qual vea,*
"*O ouro taō fino e puro para aquellas*
"*Tranças louras?—*
"*Donde as perlas,*" &c.

SONNET XIX.

O tell me from what purer mine
Did Love select that redden'd gold
Which fondly o'er thy brows divine
Thus hangs in many an amorous fold!

Both CAMOENS and Ferreyra seem to have taken the idea from Petrarch, Sonn. 185.

"*Onde tolse amor l'oro, e di qual vena*
"*Per far due treccie bionde,*" &c.

SONNET XI. P. 95.

Thus Petrarch:

"*Benedetto sia'l giorno, e'l mese, e l'anno,*" &c.

"*Veil'd every prospect,*" &c.

There is a *concetto* in the original on the word *Esperança*, which signifies both Expectation and Hope.

SONNET XII. P. 96.

Written on the death of Don Antonio de Noronha, who was slain in an encounter with the Moors on the 18th of April, 1553. We must be careful not to confound this amiable young hero with the two inglorious viceroys of his name, nor with Don Antonio de Noronha who was Governor of India in 1568, men remarkable for nothing but the rapacity and extortion which they displayed in

the execution of their office. He whose premature death our Poet thus feelingly laments, was his earliest friend, and connected to him by a remarkable similarity of fortune. His father, the second Count of Linares, had sent him to join the Moorish expedition, in order to remove him from the object of an attachment which he had formed at Lisbon. It was in this expedition that he was slain. The circumstances of his death, as detailed by Sousa, exhibit all the chivalrous gallantry of those romantic days, when men were more than heroes, and women but just less than divine.

"*Live in the memory,*" &c. So B. Tasso,

"*Vivrò nelle memorie dei mortali.*"

SONNET I.

SONNET XIII. P. 97.

The inefficacy of rural beauty to please, during the absence of a mistress, is among the common-places of amatory poets. The language of the heart is so universal, that the similarity of this Sonnet to a passage in Langhorne will not surprise:

"——What are streams or flow'rs,
"Or songs of blithe birds? What the blushing rose,
"Young health, or music, or the voice of praise,
"The smile of vernal suns, the fragrant breath
"Of evening gales—when Delia dwells afar?"

SONNET XIV. P. 98.

Written on his departure for Africa.

"*O then thy magic name's mysterious sound.*"
It is probable, says the Commentator, that on such an emergency, he would have invoked the more powerful assistance of St. James of Compostella, or the Archangel St. Michael.

SONNET XV. P. 99.

"*I sang of Love,*" &c. Perhaps this thought was suggested by Dante.

"*Farei parlando innamorar la gente,*
"*—e raggionar' d'amor si dolcemente,*
"*Che face consentir lo cuore in lui—*"

RIME, *fol.* IV. *&* X.

So gaily shall the amorous minstrel sing,
His glowing verse shall soft persuasion bring,
And while the strains in tides of sweetness roll,
Teach warm consent to each enraptur'd soul.

But Dante, unfortunately, did not fulfil his promise, for his minor poems on amatory subjects are often deficient in the ease and delicacy necessary to such compositions.

"*And blushing girls,*" &c. The aptitude of these young scholars brings to mind a celebrated passage in the Confessions of St. Austin. "*Si "non amaveris, frigidæ loquor: Da amantem, "da sentientem, da desiderantem—sciet quod "loquor!*" Confess. Cap. iii. § 4.

"*Those little secrets,*" &c. So *Ausias March*, the Provençal.

"*He asats parlat d'amor, e de sòs fets*
"*E descuberts molts amros secrets!*"

CANTO 73.

Enough have amorous deeds employ'd my song,
Enough those secrets that to Love belong.

SONNET XVI. P. 100.

"*The Tuscan fair,*" &c. Ferreyra has the same thought:

Had you but grac'd that elder day
When Petrarch pour'd his pensive lay;
By Sorga's stream, if haply you
Had met the Poet's amorous view,
O, then the bard of Sorga's stream
Had surely sung a sweeter theme,
And, to a nobler passion true,
Tun'd his wild harp to Love and you!

"*Then how, alas, shall humble Liso dare.*"

Liso is the anagram of *Lois*. In the same manner our Poet discreetly calls his mistress *Natercia* instead of *Caterina*. Sometimes with more learned gallantry he gives her the name of Δυναμενη.

SONNET XVII. P. 101.

Imitated from Petrarch, Sonnet 196.

" I mi vivea di mia sorte contento,
" Senza lagrime, e senza invidia alcuna,
" Che s'altro amante há piu destra fortuna,
" Mille piacer non vaglion un tormento!"

I liv'd contented in my lowly state,
Nor grief my heart disturb'd, nor jealous fear,
I envied not the Lover's happier fate—
Can thousand joys repay a single tear?

" Such bliss I deem'd," &c. Thus *Guillem Aesmer*, the Troubadour.

" Mais vaut d'amor qi ben est enveios,
" —Un dolz plorar non vaut qatorz ris!" &c.

IMITATED.

Some love to weep their prime away;
No charm to me in grief appears,
And forty smiles could never pay
A minute pass'd in tears!

SONNET XVIII. P. 102.

"*Dear band*," &c. Our Poet had implored Donna Caterina to grant him a lock of her hair. She promised to bestow it at some future period, and in the mean time presented him with the fillet which she wore round her head, as a pledge of her intentions in his favour. *Faria.*

This Sonnet was perhaps suggested by that celebrated Poem of Garcilazo, beginning, "*O dulces prendas*," &c.

"*Gifts small as these.*" Literally, "By the laws of Love, *part* is taken in pledge for *all*."

SONNET XIX. P. 103.

"*O Lopez!*" This was Don *John Lopez de Leytaō*, to whom our Poet afterwards addressed some very comical verses, occasioned by the sight of a piece of Indian cloth, which *Leytaō* was about to present to a lady of whom he was enamoured.

SONNET XX. P. 104.

Written on the death of Donna Caterina de Ataide.

"*Love saw the deed.*" The *concetti* with which this Sonnet terminates were so obstinate as to compel the Translator in some degree to deviate from his original.

THE NIGHT SCENE. P. 107.

The Translator has to regret that the interruption of illness prevented him from concluding this Canto, which gives a description of the Tournament held in London, during the days of John of Gaunt, when twelve Portuguese Chevaliers vanquished the same number of English. See Mr. Mickle's Translation.

The few Stanzas which have been thus translated, afford a fair specimen of that "eking-out tautology" which the constraint of octave measure compelled CAMOENS to employ, and which is, perhaps, the greatest blemish in his Epic Poem.

FINIS.

C. Whittingham, College House, Chiswick.

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